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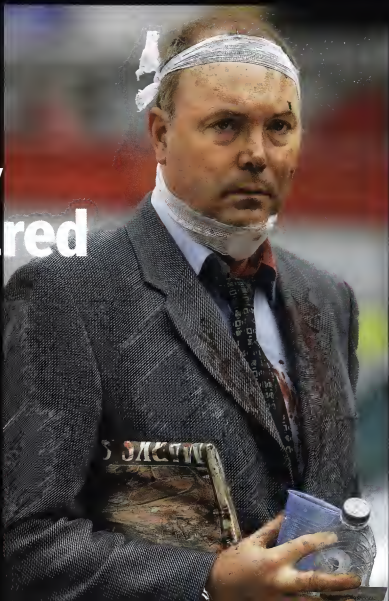
LONDON 7/7

Lessons for a woefully unprepared Canada

+

**'THE TERRORISTS PICKED
THE WRONG PEOPLE,
THE WRONG DAY'**

BY ROBERT MASON LEE



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MACLEAN'S | JULY 18, 2009 | 1

'Why is it when you write about the effects of the sun, your pages must be filled with pictures of women in bikinis? As if that adds to your story.' —*Errol Weiskopf, Cambridge, Ont.*

Here comes the sun

As a young cancer widow, I was drawn to your June 27 cover story "Cancer be damned, kids wanna tan" [The more I read, the more upset I became. It's sad to read the casual comments about death by the twenty-somethingers you reside. Believe me, there are many more pleasant ways to go than dying from melanoma. If these young people had to watch a strong, vibrant 32-year-old husband and father whither away to a shell of a man and endure great pain and suffering, they wouldn't be so dismissive of the threat of skin cancer. It's a reality and, more, it's one form of cancer people actually have control over. It's amazing how long my husband in melanoma has changed my view of casual skin. Now it looks ugly to me. And now when I hear young people talking about tanning, I just want to shake some sense into them.]

Valerie Angus, Niagara, Ont.

I have to admit that I do get a sunburn occasionally but always with at least an SPF 15 sunscreen. I also tan easily and tend not to burn. A bit of sun once in awhile keeps the skin looking healthy. Everything, in moderation, I say.

Kate Macleod, Halifax

I am writing to commend you on a wonderful cover. In this gloomy old world full of depressing things like wars, torture, lying politicians and environmental degradation, it was so nice to see a picture of a pretty young woman in a bathing suit (and sunscreen) on the cover of Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine. It really cheered me up!

Mark Macleod, Toronto

Not only is it hard to see your cover model, Polly Shannon, seriously, it is even more difficult to take Maclean's seriously when the weak excuse for her pose is disguised as a no-to-your-rumour cover story. I sincerely hope that Shannon is confident in Hollywood. Then she may be able to afford some clothes, and perhaps a square meal.

Lorraine Williams, Richmond, B.C.



The West rides high

I am writing about your June 13 cover story on the oil sands ("Alberta is about to get wildly rich and powerful. What will happen to Canada?"). I think that the rest of Canada is about to get the wrong idea of a lifetime. Alberta's oil is Alberta's oil. We are the ones who manage it properly. We are the ones who will take full benefit from it. Do not look yourselves, my ideas are shared by many, many Albertans. Alberta will prosper, be free and move forward while the country of Canada will sink further and further into the recesses of socialism. God bless Alberta's future.

Cory Kling, Edmonton

I believe Alberta should use its financial potential to the fullest, thereby insuring the maximum political, economic and political leverage on Ottawa men that means Canada could fracture into two or three separate sovereign entities in a result of Ottawa's blatant stupidity and arrogance. Any attempt to initiate any reply of the NEP funds will pretty much guarantee the secession of Alberta from Confederation, together with B.C. because my province has access to provincial major gas and oil reserves should the provincial government wish to deal with the energy issue without any further interference.

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from both Ottawas and the Aboriginal land claims commission. Furthermore, the Conservative party has to accept that its power base is here in the West and it has to protect the political and economic integrity of the West against the other provinces.

Scott Taylor, West Vancouver, B.C.

Stephen who?

I am tired of hearing that Canadians don't know Stephen Harper ("The Harper enigma," *The Montreal Gazette*, June 27). For simply, as there are opposition leaders who are known to the Canadian public. When Paul Martin goes to visit schoolchildren speaking about the benefits of a national day use program, it makes front-page news. Both Harper and NDP leader Jack Layton attend similar events, yet there is hardly a bump in the papers. Stephen Harper is a great guy and perhaps at times, if speeches are so useless to get to know him, that they spend as much time covering him as they do Martin.

L. B. Anderson, Spenceville, Alta.

Many Conservatives should join Harper when he attends church school, especially those who belonged to the Alliance party—they earned out of a pack of coyotes making a carbon, voting for the kill.

John MacKinnon, Victoria, B.C.

I think it is entirely possible that the author you criticized, William Johnson, and many other writers, have it wrong about Harper and the reason for his difficulty in winning Canadian. I believe it's not the messenger, or a messaging problem; it's the message. I voted Liberal last election and I will admit that even though I think Harper is a good guy. He is intelligent, articulate and, from everything I can tell, a man who stands by his convictions. I simply don't want to buy what he is selling. What the Conservative party needs to understand is that the Liberals have the numbers they do, maybe of the Gomery inquiry, because most Canadians would rather have a few bad apples in a barrel heading in the direction they want, than a whole barrel of great apples heading in the direction they don't.

Jeff Rudick, Port Hope, Ont.

William Johnson claims Stephen Harper has been consistently right on the big issues.



Harper is a good guy, one reader writes. I simply don't want to buy what he is selling.

Well, Canadians who remember Harper's previous stance on Iraq would beg to differ. If he'd been prime minister, our young people would be over there being slaughtered alongside their American counterparts in a quagmire instigated by false information. As for his stance on this topic that we must have an election, it shows how out of touch with the public he is. When you, when his own fans think he's a liar, it's not wonder that ordinary Canadians are terrified of him.

Dave Ruch, Ontario, Ont.

“Alberta will prosper, be free and move forward while Canada will sink into the recesses of socialism.”

Modify off in all directions

What is happening to Maclean's? You are going off in all three directions. First, you opened us with millions of words on the Gomery inquiry. It gave me a headache. Then you went in the opposite direction, giving us seven pages on Justin

Trudeau's marriage. In the June 20 issue, there's a story ("Not what they seem," *Maclean's*) on knock-off jewellery and handbags, plus a jaw-dropping three pages of gossip about some Toronto high-society lady ("Drunken crown"). To be fair, your coverage on the Supreme Court of Canada's striking down of Quebec's ban on private insurance for health services that are covered by the provincial plan, and the ramifications of this action ("Breaking the silence"), was interesting, and the Over to You column by Michael Sauter on fatherhood ("She calls me 'Daddadadda'") was a delight. But we read more pages on world events.

Prissy Bedford, Victoria

The penny has dropped—your articles making Dr. Henry

O'Brien and Carolla Parker look like the Duffy photo spread on Justin Trudeau's wedding, and that ludicrous article on some Toronto ex-soldier in your new publisher's drive to peg up the magazine to increase circulation. Thank again! If you continue to dumb down Maclean's, you will lose your old base—those of us who were educated and informed by you and who looked forward to every issue and commented them from cover to cover. No longer will we read captions like my kitchen table or office waiting room. Topics covered in Maclean's will no longer be the subject of discussion at the cafeteria or dinner table or at cocktail parties. And I will miss that.

Sydney Leitch, Toronto

One pill makes you larger . . .

While I found your cover story "Are you ready for your sexual makeover?" (June 20) interesting, I was disappointed (and I get a pill for that?) to not find a single reference to the environmental impact of so much pill-popping. All of these modern drugs pass through in two ways: treatment and then into our water systems. Who knows what the effect of concentrations of Viagra mixed with 300 pills will be on fish and other



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World | Terrorists aside, it was a productive summit

Some leaders left early and many of the important meetings were sidetracked, understandably, by the terror attacks on the London transit system. Still, thanks perhaps to the compelling rhetoric of how Tony Blair, and maybe even the power of rock 'n' roll, the gathering at Gleneagles, Scotland, had to be one of the most productive summits in the 30-year history of this thing we now call the G8. Consider the checklist: a pledge by the developed world to more than double aid to Africa from the current \$18.4 billion a year to \$35.50 billion annually by 2002; another to double overall developmental aid (including \$2.5 billion to the Palestinian Authority to get it act together); a commitment to end debilitating farm subsidies in the U.S. and Europe that appear to place them firmly on the agenda for the current Hong Kong round of world trade talks; and perhaps even the beginnings of positive movement on global warming. Environmentalists, of course, are less than impressed that George W. Bush will still not go along with the

Kyoto agreement or any specific reduction targets for greenhouse gas emissions. But Bush did acknowledge more strongly than ever before that industrial activity is contributing to climate change, and has agreed to participate with other key non-Kyoto polluters—chiefly India and China—as what amounts to a parallel process.

Of course, the devil's in the details. Promising is one thing, delivering another. Even Bush's well-timed arrival just of AIDS money for Africa has been held up over the politics of giving support to unsavory regimes. Still, as G8s go, this one saw a huge reversal from the ruggardly '90s as getting development dollars flowing again. It also, in a very real way, opened its prime-time doors to a wide variety of activists, from Bono and the anti-poverty campaigners to the across-Africa nations and five "emerging markets" countries—China, India, Brazil, Mexico and South Africa—that formally participated. That sent an important message—first an inclusive world is a better world.

Quote of the week | "I don't want to be hunted down," KAVITA HOMOLUKA pleads for privacy after first and so far only media interview, with Radio-Canada, since leaving prison

ScoreCard



REINARD
Savoyard city orders Ann Gross, 30, to move rickety house—adequate off road to get into. Little Ann gets valuable life lesson: if fate hands you lemons, make lemonade—but build your stand to cope, get a license, and remember you can't fight city hall. Inspiring, sort of.



WILFPA, RIP
Hilary Scott Avery only half right with diving players were "banned for life" into thinking they'd get dispute with owners. Got tossed all right, but lessons were never engaged. Fight on those lemons, guys. Or, as owners call them: salary caps.



JAMES H. SMITH
David Pittsburgh Slayers fan gets fansite at house is sealed in rest of funeral home. Victims' grief on TV, media in hand, beer at his side. Sports widows know the pain. Relax, guys—off with grief over time during The Game, she's checking for a pulse.



SHUT UP, MR. CHIP
Tencent company makes talking while label—with implanted microphone to expand on entrap, grapes and food pairings. Product still beta phase, but born in a battle comes to mind. On plus side, you'll never drink alone.



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Cover

'I HAVE JUST SEEN HELL'

There was shock, but mostly stoicism and resilience after last week's London bombings. ROBERT MASON LEE reports on four days in a city under siege.

THE TERRORISTS WHO struck London with a series of bomb blasts last week may have thought they would speed panic and despair with their nefarious deeds, but they made three critical mistakes: wrong city, wrong people, wrong day. Despite the growing sense of urban and racial tension, and the immediate confusion and paralysis London-wide, it would not be fair to say that Londoners were panicked by the attacks. On the contrary, they were measured and calm. After the initial shock of the bombings and chaos, a great number calmed themselves and planned to get out the day in the nearest coffee shop or pub. "Stay where you are," said Sir Ian Blair, the commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Service, and many were happy to take the advice.

At one typically crowded establishment, the Old Parr's Head in West Kensington, preannounced screenings while remaining glued to the television news coverage. It happened in elderly Scots gardeners named Gordian, who confirmed that he had survived the London Blitz of the Second World War. "We commemorated over the candles

of Thursday's bombings and the troubles facing the three million commuters who rely daily on the London Underground network, now stuck with no way to get home. "I suppose they will have to spend the night," he said with a slight chuckle. "Londoners have seen harder times than this."

Between September 1940 and May 1941,

the Luftwaffe killed more than 23,000 civilians and destroyed 1.4 million homes during the Nazi campaign of terror bombings against London. The city's plucky residents didn't panic then, and they weren't about to panic now. "The experience of living through the Blitz lingers on in the urban psyche," wrote columnist Helen Jackson in the *Evening Standard*. "Despite the Londoners may no longer hunger for memory of it."

The timing of the atrocity could not have been more emotionally wrenching, as Lon-

Three subway trains were hit, as was one double-decker bus. The timing of the atrocity could not have been more emotionally wrenching, as Londoners were still enjoying the euphoria of having been selected, just the previous day, as host city for the 2012 Summer Olympics.

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at all comparable. Nonetheless, I took note of the date and risk and that 777 will be remembered by the British as the 9/11.

Attempts to reach the areas of carnage were fruitless. Bus service and all Underground trains in London were cancelled, as were all roads, the overland train stations were especially closed by bomb threats, and when a 16-mile train was stopped, "King's Cross, please," the driver replied. "You must be joking, mate." A resident neighbour of mine was driving his work van near Edgware Road at the time of the explosion—it took him 4 1/2 hours to drive home, about four hours longer than normal. But his report of the behaviour of civilians and presently was the same as that reported in the news: all was calm. An assistant commissioner of the Metropolitan police, Andy Hayman, and the commander of criminals was all the more remarkable, "given all that they had just seen."

People on board the Edgware Road train described the chaos. "The carriages filled with smoke," passenger Roy McCarthy told the ITV News channel. "At that stage, somebody, a man I think, was blown out of the door of the train—he was under the carriage." A half-hour later, officials arrived to escort the survivors down the daily lit underground passage to the station. "It was terrifying," McCarthy said. "People were screaming, crying but very, very shocked. The sense from the guy who was under the train ended the whole incident so much worse."

When informed of the attack at Glenhag, Tony Blair hung his head in sorrow and rapped at his shirt cuffs. It seemed to be the inevitable and long-awaited attack by al Qaeda operatives he had anticipated—and sworn would never happen "in my watch." But former Met commissioner Lord Stanes has warned of up to 200 active al Qaeda operatives in Britain. And earlier this year, there were reports that the alleged ringleader of the Madrid train bombings, Mustafa Setmaman Nour, was still in large and could be planning an attack in Britain in the 2000s, he lived in a north London



At the site of the bombings, Londoners remembered those who were killed.

area known as "Londonistan" for its fiery and Western clerics, and experts worry he'll attempt to seek his revenge.

IN THE WAKE of the bombings, hundreds of thousands of London commuters—those lucky enough not to have been caught—were left with the option of taking a train, a bus, a car, or a taxi. Many of them, of course, were not taking a taxi. Many of them, of course, were not taking a taxi. Many of them, of course, were not taking a taxi.

While serious relatives searched for the missing, friends gathered at the locations of the explosions. But below ground, investigations began the grimy routine of forensic tests. The worst of these scenes, between King's Cross and Russell Square, was described as a "barrage of blood." Bodies were still being recovered from the wreckage, one young policeman staggered from the scene of devastation and said, "I don't know what he was like but I have just seen hell."

and London. On father, George Kohn, wept as he was carried in a hearse by his daughter Denise, 18, being treated as a witness care. "I can't believe what they did to my little girl," he said. "It is hard to recognize her. She came round and struggled to talk with me. She started to cry and I felt my heart would break. How could anyone do something like this?" Along with the heartbreak there was anger. The former headline on Saturday's Daily Express had a blunt message from the British people to the terrorist: "Go to hell."

LIKE OTHERS, including Her Majesty the Queen in her message of condolence, I have read the 100,000 copies of the Londoners' response to the bombings with such calm determination. They are a hard, gritty, resilient bunch, adapted for life in a short, grey, rainy day. They also possess deep wells of sadistic humor and a sense of ironic decency to draw upon in the face of crisis. It is sad, and often it is true, that a Londoner will never know his neighbour until disaster strikes—and then the whole neighborhood will come round in support.

So there was genuinely something of the British spirit at work after the attacks, but there was something else, also, that nobody wanted to mention for fear of appearing callous. And even that horrible to the bombings were, we had been expecting much worse. This is not to diminish the human tragedy, or the deaths of the millions who were injured. But, speaking in a Londoner's voice, on the heels of the shock, an almost rabid sigh of relief and the sense of a thought being banished, if not an unduly welcomed. "It is the worst they can do to us? If this is the worst they can do to us, then they are bringing it on, those bastards."

Over some 20 years since the U.S. as we stand tomorrow, we've been told that terrorism reprisals were a matter of when, not if. Now that of high explosives were the least of our worries, we had been conditioned to expect and more, nuclear devices, the small pox virus. Londoners have taken their morning tea and toast over newspaper accounts of emergency plans to evac-

wake the city, or face if need be (imagine a gas or air of the Canadian population being expected to walk in an orderly fashion from Toronto to Hamilton and you get the general, and fanciful, idea).

As a former of popular entertainment—entertainment—British television security featured a series that imagined various terror scenarios, such as an airport filled with riotous agents being flown into Parliament, or the Underground lines being flooded due to explosives placed under the Thames (At least the terrorists could never complain of running dry of ideas.) Commentators, drawn from the worlds of celebrity and politics, had to respond to these crises in a kind of war-games scenario. The result? In almost every episode, millions of Londoners died.

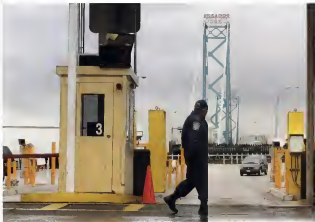
Millions of deaths are what we feared, doesn't that seem to get? Was our thinking cynical? Yes. Were our fears misdirected? Yes. Thinking the unthinkable gave us, I think, a false sense of security. The greater the anticipated outrage, the more implausible it became. Surely, no one could be evil enough to release nuclear fallout or a deadly virus into a large urban population, or so the thinking went—and perhaps we can still cling to this hope. But we should have known there are thousands of people in the world, perhaps in London alone, evil enough to blow up their immediate surroundings, even if those surroundings are filled with children—and fellow Muslims. (There were few of thinking that London's ethnically diverse population would pose a threat to attack. How naive—of the bombs exploded in the "Londonistan" area.)

We are told that the old-style al-Qaeda religious extremists, that heavily unified group are now responsible for the terrorist campaigns. These are incapable of the sophisticated required to kill loose medical, biological, or chemical attacks. They may be powerful enough to want to inflict greater damage, but they haven't the knowledge or the means. So, to answer the unvoiced question: yes, this may well be the worst they can do to us. And yes, we can take it. A few bombs, or even a few thousand, are never going to stop a great city like London.

If there is any consolation to be taken from Thursday's attacks, it is that the doomsday scenario remains in a nice blurry corner than everyday danger by explosions. If there is any dread to be taken, it is that that everyday danger by explosives is still bloody and awful. ■

HOW SAFE ARE WE?

Canada is the only nation on an al-Qaeda list of targets that has not yet been attacked. And as JOHN GEDDES and CHARLIE GILLIS report, we're woefully unprepared.



BACK WHEN SHE WAS A LAW STUDENT at the University of London in the mid-seventies, Anne McLellan's local Tube stop was Russell Square. It was in the tunnel between that station and King's Cross that one of the London subway system exploded last week, killing at least 21 people and wounding many more. When McLellan, Canada's minister of public safety and emergency preparedness, saw the TV images of her old transit stop now serving as back-

drops for interviews with witnesses to on-air, her thoughts flew back. "My gods, those were the places I went," she said in an interview at the end of a rush-hour day of showcasing the Canadian government's response to the attacks. "I know these people."

She didn't mean to individually, of course, but as Londoners, that special breed. It was

this sense of connection that made this attack feel different than Madrid or Bali. Many more Canadians have studied or worked in London, or simply taken a vacation there. But if there could be no quantifying the personal intensity of McLellan's reaction to the latest terrorist outrage, some experts were questioning the adequacy of the federal anti-

terrorism strategy she oversees. Her cabinet post was created in the aftermath of Sept. 11 to coordinate Ottawa's strategy for trying to prevent a terror strike here—and also to prepare for the worst. Since 2001, the Liberals' increased security spending by more than \$9 billion, an outlaying does bring more intelligence agents to intercepting airport passengers. But critics who have kept close watch

over them, most prominently Senator Glen Clark, the Liberal chairman of the Senate standing committee on national security and defence, say the country's weaknesses will be a sense of urgency is missing.

Following the nightmare scenes in the British capital, Kerry is hoping a surge in public pressure will force the federal government to get more serious. "We'll London wake-up Canadians," he said. "Canada is the only country on the al-Qaeda list that hasn't been hit yet." He was referring to a document from the terrorist group that counts of Canada, along with the U.S., Britain, Spain and Australia, as its top target nations. McLellan also alluded to the terror onslaught last week. But while Kerry views Ottawa's response to Osama bin Laden's pledge threat as late in many ways, McLellan boasts that it has been comprehensive. Sorting out who's right—senior police ranging from electronic eavesdropping and stock piling medical supplies to searching individual containers and scrutinizing individual passports—is no simple matter.

A good starting point is the "Canadian Security Guide Book," produced last year by Kerry's committee. The 319-page compendium alleges dozens of alarming shortcomings in Canada's security policies—suggesting countries are inadequately protected, border crossings manned by undertrained personnel, and airports staffed by employees who are not subjected to thorough background checks. Even McLellan's aide concedes that the facts compiled by Kerry's researchers are generally accurate, although they dispute many of the more troubling conclusions he's come to draw.

ANY LOOK at federal security policy needs to start by asking whether enough is being done to boost Canada's ability to stop terrorists before they strike. The fact that even the seasoned British intelligence services failed to pick up any advance hint of last week's bombings is a grim reminder of how tough that job is.

Kerry's committee charges that Ottawa is "struggling against an intelligence" and that the Canadian Security Intelligence Service must expand "on a far larger scale than it has to date." The "sensitive level" that critics deem a good one—\$1.6 billion over five years for anti-terrorism and policing. CBIS is facing as little as \$1 billion per year, 30 per cent. The Communications Security Establishment, which conducts electronic over-

drapping on suspected spies and terrorists, will by 2007-08 have seen its budget bled off by 57 per cent from before 9/11, to \$230 million. Even Kerry admits the crisis demands expanding intelligence today isn't money, it's the time needed to recruit and train agents. "It takes about as long to get a CSIS analyst trained," he said, "as it does to get a congressman."

The range of vulnerable targets those intelligence analysts need to worry about is daunting. McLellan asked us experts about those unsettling scenarios—the kind CSIS must try to find out about, and stop, before they happen.

Destroying or even temporarily cutting off the Ambassador Bridge, the busiest border crossing in North America would, in Kerry's words, "lay waste to Canada's political and economic future." The \$55 in structural engineering Windsor, Detroit, and Detroit is protected under an arrangement between the police, the Canadian and U.S. border services, the two countries' coast guards and the U.S. company that controls it. But even the owner, the Detroit International Bridge Company, acknowledges its response asset remains radically vulnerable—despite many Canadian misnomers.

The problem: suspicious vehicles crossing from either country aren't searched until they reach the other side, where the respective countries have their customs booths. In the event of a terrorist attack, that's about \$55 in two late. While the Bush administration has passed legislation that would allow Canada and the U.S. to simply switch ends, the Canadian government has been dragging its heels, citing sovereignty issues and the problem of having armed U.S. or American assets in Canadian border officers do not carry guns.

"That is a simple step, in your opinion," says Skip McMillan, special projects coordinator for the bridge corporation. Canada could simply agree to an exchange of land with the U.S., giving the border institutions the same sort of as embassies, he suggests. The current system, says McMillan, "is like inspecting someone's luggage after they get off the plane."

Stunning, considering the importance of this single structure to Canada's national well-being. With 3.5 million trucks and seven million cars crossing each year, the Ambassador Bridge is a cornerstone of our export-led economy. If a terrorist chose to detonate a

threshold of economic strife and dusted fuel as an option, he would blow an enormous hole in our \$300 billion trade relationship with the U.S. In the short term, Washington would likely close the entire border. Canadian manufacturers—especially auto-makers—would lose their primary link to their market. Production would shift out of the country. The trucking industry would be devastated.

As we least prepared to grapple with the fallout? Had to know Ottawa had been diligent in preparing an emergency plan in the wake of 9/11, and current legislation would empower the province to redirect traffic.

THE COMMITTEE'S GUIDE BOOK CONCLUDED THAT OUR PORTS ARE 'RIDDLED WITH CRIMINALS'

possibly to these less-bridged-in nearby territories. Out. The province could also get the funds involved under a provision in federal emergency laws, so Ottawa could deal with the economic implications and cross-border jurisdictional issues. By then, however, most of the damage will have been done.

Another worrisome scenario is a crude nuclear device going off in a major metropolitan. As truly powerful as they bomb is hard to make, it requires the kind of fuel left behind by a nuclear power station, and merely handling such material would be fatal to anyone. But low-level radioactive fuel, like cesium-137 or cobalt-60, can be obtained from a refinery lab and moved with relative ease. It wouldn't produce a particularly destructive weapon. But it would produce the desired effect, which is to say, panic.

The question, then, is where deploying such a bomb would minimize chaos. With two million people living in the region and a handful of comparatively narrow arteries leading out of the downtown, Vancouver is an obvious candidate. The age to live would almost certainly unleash mayhem throughout the downtown core, as residents sought to escape what they feared to be a radioactive

cloud. Typically, dirty bombs are made from dynamite and fissionable material, the latter being not to create a nuclear blast, but to disperse ionized particles that would render tens of thousands. Because radioactive fuel is hard to obtain in North America, some experts see oxygenation as the most likely means of getting a dirty bomb into the country, and the Port of Vancouver has two busy container docks.

At its stands, we are only somewhat ready for such a scenario. Life most critical, Vancouver has a comprehensive emergency plan, but it's designed primarily around earthquakes, encompassing things like firefighting,

people in a panic and the air filled with chemicals.

Ottawa's spokeswoman for the Société de Transport de Montréal (STM), says there are substantial emergency response measures in place. Whenever there is an attack or major public transportation accident anywhere in the world, other jurisdictions are debriefed about what went right, and what went wrong, she notes. And since 9/11, every emergency response team in Montreal knows what its job will be (a few months ago, the city ran a simulation of a response to a disaster at the Montreal stock exchange). In the case of a terrorist attack on the metro, the

response would be coordinated by Montreal's police department, and municipalities are more than happy to talk about emergency response. After last week's bombings in the London Underground, Montreal police immediately posted officers at metro stations considered likely targets, with Charles at the top of the list.

Both the police and the STM are much less keen to talk about preparedness and prevention. This is partly for security reasons (it would not be wise to tip their hand to the terrorists that after 9/11, there would be talk about "the new normal" being an acceptance of high-risk places like airports, train stations and subways. Many jurisdictions adopted vigilance programs like the one in place for years in the London Underground—public address warnings about leaving packs unattended, and signs advising people to look out for suspicious behavior. The STM has research public vigilance system in place, and the only visible warnings in the stations pertain to terrorism.

Ultimately, a terrorist attack in Montreal is unimaginable—or at least that is what officials appear to be relying on. Spiesmen for both the STM and police emphasize



that there has never been an attack aimed at the metro, and there's no reason to think they will be. But we'll do well to recall that in 2003, the now commanding officer of the RCMP in Quebec called Montreal "a haven for terrorism," and that Charles was the home base for Ahmed Ramani, the would-be "millionaire bomber."

BLOWN BRIDGES, radiation panic, subway closures—it's tempting to weave it all off as too far-fetched to build policy around. But much of the planning for coping with the aftermath of a terrorist strike overlaps with preparing for the sorts of natural disasters and epidemics that are bound to occur.

One basic part of advance planning for any national crisis is to establish a nerve centre to manage the response. In the spring of 2004, after releasing a new "National Security Policy," Ottawa finally set up a government operation centre to perform that crucial function. Yet Stirling's report cautions the job isn't done. It says McEllen's officials had the centre up and running so soon after the discovery was unveiled that their claim simply wasn't credible. According to the committee, "the centre is a significant

ways from completion in terms of having all the infrastructure, procedures and personnel it needs in place to match the government's pledge."

This pattern is repeated in many other cases: the government boasts of progress, while critics express grave doubts. Even when change is in the right direction, as pace when approaching it is hard to understand why, for instance, McEllen's first meeting with the provincial ministers responsible for emergency planning didn't happen until last January, more than four years after the attacks on the U.S.

It was only last fall that Ottawa created the Public Health Agency of Canada, a move praised by Stirling's committee as important progress toward focusing planning. But the medical response to an attack, Agency officials told McEllen's they are currently calculating, among health authorities a plan for a new national Incident Command and System, which would link in, if a terrorist or other killed and wounded many, or in a crisis caused by natural disaster or disease. The

An attack on Montreal's metro would send a shock 30 in below ground

issue threat is to have local health officials take the lead, with provincial and national resources automatically made available to them under a command structure agreed to in advance. It's a sound strategy. But Canadians might well ask, why hasn't something like this been in place long before now?

Kosay argues that even when good plans and policies are in place, the ongoing task of making sure they'll work when needed has to be taken more seriously. That means making mock drills and real simulations involving other bodies. "You can't just have these agencies out there," he says. "You have to have them practicing." It's worth noting that the London police and ambulance services, which functioned so well last week, benefited from experience with Irish Republican Army bombings that took place up until the early 1990s. McEllen remembers windows in his student days past the shattered windows of the famous Barndale store just after an IRA strike. Canadians have no such history to learn from. Lucky up to now, we're relying on lessons from abroad—which felt to many last week like they are getting closer.

With Andrew Foster in Montreal

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'IT OPENED A DOOR'

Karla Homolka's savvy pitch to Quebecers just might work, writes BENOIT AUBIN

WHEN KARLA TEALE, the raw and improved version of sadistic sex killer Karla Homolka, needed a place to start a fresh life after her hyper-published release from a Quebec prison last week, she stole a page from a book written by another Ontario who set out to conquer the hearts and minds of Quebecers before her: John Macman, the best-seller from Guelph, Ont.

A few years ago, Macman, then unknown in Quebec, was able to capture a sizable chunk

of the province's crowded and chaotic radio beer market simply by recording audio ads in which he sounded exactly like what he is: an anglo who tries to speak French. Quebecers are not hostile to other Canadians, François Legault, the ad's creator, told Macman at the time. "An anglo who tries to speak French is instantly welcome, it's only irritating," Homolka called the success. Hidden inside an official vint, she chided the 24/7 watch of a gaggle of sometimes agitated journalists clogging out at the prison gate, only to resurface, less than two hours later, inside a Radio-Canada studio, where she gave a 20-minute interview in French to journalist Joyce Nadeau—but refused to give even so much as a 20-second sound bite in English.

It was a masterful performance. Appearing demure and contrite, speaking a working version of French but with that English accent, Homolka told her audience what she thought it wanted to hear. "I used media seem less aggressive, less accusatory, happy, and more curious." The straggler in Quebec is quite different from that in Ontario, I want to remake my life in French... I am not dangerous." And, marketing-wise, the interview was a brilliant strategy, says Yves Dugré, a communications expert in Montreal. "It will not solve all her problems, and will not make us love her, but at least it has opened a door for her here."

Quebec often seems more laid back, tolerant, sometimes even intransigent, about moral issues, especially when sex is involved. Quebecers can take to a lifestyle more, and tend to be more for the individual against any organization—the shop, the law, or the press. But embracing Karla



Homolka gave just one interview after leaving prison—and stuck it to its anglo

Homolka? In fact, they don't. A Léger Marketing poll published last week in *Le Journal de Montréal* showed that of those who had an opinion, 46 per cent believe she still represents a danger to society, compared to 23 per cent who said there was no threat—although 63 per cent think the media should stop hounding her. And when the tabloid sent a reporter to an out-of-control working-class district, nine out of 10 shop owners on Mason Street said they

would ascribe to her, even for mental jobs. Another story reported that many of the smaller towns across Quebec would name a drink if Homolka chose to settle in their municipalities.

What is not found in Quebec, though, is the rampant hostility toward Homolka that is palpable in the rest of the country—and absent of the national media. And what were largely unreported were the appreciative smiles over the way Homolka was able to find the "Toronto press" and then rolled out in the wind by refusing to be interviewed in English. Sticking to her anglo was seen as a good practical joke in Quebec.

But there was more. A large contingent of reporters from Toronto had descended on the St-Alexis-des-Plaines penitentiary near Montreal to cover the story—with no love lost between them and their local colleagues. "They were easy to spot—they're the ones who couldn't understand what was being said," one Le Devoir reporter quipped. Local press instead referring to "the media circus" at the prison. "Clearly, some of the Toronto types had problems remaining objective in their coverage," said a Presses Canadiennes reporter. "They were quite invested, even hostile, in their regions." At Raymond Carroux, chairman of the Quebec Press Council of observers, "I think the Homolka story has attracted two types of journalists. There were the serious journalists, there were a difficult sort and a couple sort of issues, and there were others, with the big hard-worn-looking for what?"

Seriously, perhaps, or ratings. But for now, Homolka is an enigma living some where in Montreal. Her outcasts up to the will stay holed up, waiting for the dust to settle or the press to leave, before venturing out far that just didn't happen at Tim's. Homolka is the old Nadeau she crossed so much. And maybe, if she's right long enough, she might even find that Montreal has warmer coffee—and that speaking English is allowed, too.

THE rampant hostility toward her that is palpable in the rest of the country is not really evident in Quebec

HELL ON WHEELS

Steven Fletcher is not only our first wheelchair-bound MP, he's also one of the most combative personalities in the House. JOAN BRYDEN reports.

IT TAKES A moment for the story to sink in. Conservative MP Steven Fletcher is leaving party leader Stephen Harper, who's been so maligned of late that he's felt compelled to hit the summer barbecue circuit in hopes of shedding the tag that he's too stiff and condescending to make it in retail politics. Fletcher spends almost every day of his leader, whom he calls "one of the smartest guys on the Hill." "He's there by ability," Fletcher says. "He doesn't come from money. He doesn't come from fame or power. He's there because of what's happening from the neck up." And suddenly it's proven, as if struck by lightning, that Fletcher just what he's been doing about Harper's leadership. "Maybe that's something he and I have in common."

Coming from the author's first wheelchair-bound Member of Parliament, Fletcher's defiance of Harper is hard to resist, even in the modern era of politics in which the capacity to overcome is more valued than the ability to reason. The Winnipeg MP, after all, is living proof that the ability to kiss a baby or kiss a fireball isn't a prerequisite for political success. The amputee who lost his former Manitoba karyokinesis has been making it on his own since 1996, when he was left a quadriplegic after he lost his arm on a road in the province's north. At one 23-year-old, newly married engineering grad who dreamed of the quiet pleasures of raising a family, Fletcher was advised he'd take the rest of his life in an institution. "I don't think the doctors ever thought the assistance would be Parliament," he says.

No kid did, either.

Deaf-blind, paralyzed, unable to talk or even breathe without the aid of a ventilator, Fletcher recalls weighing his options. "The way I saw it was that I could die, I could live in despair, or I could fight." He chose door number 3, defying the odds by leaving his hospital bed and enrolling in school to earn a master's degree in business adminis-



The MP at home, trying time with assistants Melissa (Anderson-Jensen) and Myranda Kean, catching up on reading online

he quietly admits. "I don't think I'll ever get used to that," but the indignity aspect will have provided perfect training for his new career in the one-and-only world of politics, where the capacity to go for the verbal jugular is greatly prized. In his rookie year, Fletcher has certainly made his mark as a "York health critic," parading the Liberals for a "lack of compassion" toward stroke blood victims and "apocryphal" regarding private delivery of health care services.



It's a grueling life replete with 12-hour days and weekly fights to his riding of Winnipeg's Charleswood-St. James Assiniboia, but one that seems oddly made to order. "It's go, go, go, go, and usually I appreciate that because it doesn't allow an opponent to dwell," Fletcher says. "Dwelling on the past is the path to the dark side." And he's grateful to Harper for not "oppositing" him by making disability issues part of his responsibilities.

The very notion of special interest is alien to Fletcher, who proudly states that he had to conquer the body constraints of his communication in his riding. That it's equally

evident that political risk isn't entirely set in stone, he says, is the state-of-the-art home wheelchair. Typically unable to raise the opportunity to have all manner of about as much as they've been characteristically resistant to pressure on Fletcher with quite the same gusto. They also understood the message after Fletcher asserted that "Japanese leaders" in a speech about Japan's situation against Second World War problems. It was left to the National Association of Japanese Canadians to express outrage at the "sensationalism" for which Fletcher ultimately apologized.

There's no question that Fletcher is being out some clock, conceding Health Minister Ujjal Dosanjh, "I want to make sure you accommodate someone who's faced great challenges and succeeded to the extent he has. That's just human nature, I think." The notion of being a Fletcher ally, Dosanjh says he's not inclined to respond with "physically oriented" expressions

that might be unintentionally hurtful, such as saying Fletcher on "stand up" for medicine. Such laid-back attitude who Fletcher, who tries to use humor instead with physical references to breakdown of their bad habits. Like the time he challenged Dosanjh to "take the outside" after a heated exchange last April at the Commons standing conference on health. Dosanjh, conceding, says he's "not a physical kind of guy," to which Fletcher smiled, "Neither am I. But don't be surprised if you find yourself with the marks."

Fletcher never was joking. Yet few from his turbulent days in student politics would contend he has proven all too willing

to, figuratively, roll over opponents. Back then he was called drunk, stupid and drunk with power. He shut down a student newspaper because it criticized him, and after through other student organizations' offices. "He governed the University of Manitoba student union as an autocracy," says former student activist Krishna Lalbani, who frequently looked down on Fletcher. Whatever the criticism, Fletcher notes that he was re-elected to a second term, even though he ran on a "conservative agenda in a left-of-centre environment."

That he is precisely right wing and an advocate of "free-for-all" ministerial government isn't a surprise. Fletcher and NDP health critic Judy Wasylycia-Lee. Given the crash of Fletcher's life, she says, one would think he'd be more of an advocate of government initiatives to help other disadvantaged Canadians such as women, Aboriginals and visible minorities. "Despite the fact that he's a person living with a disability, facing all kinds of barriers, that doesn't seem to translate into policies or political action."

It's kind of like thinking that suggests to

HE WAS just joking. Fletcher says, when he warned the health minister that he'd find himself "with tire marks"

Rich Harman, founder of the Mark's Foundation for spinal cord injury research, that Canada has "a lot of work to do" before disabled people enjoy that social acceptance. The disabled cover the complete political spectrum, Harman says, and those who are seen otherwise "are in for a rude awakening." The reality is, people are people. They should not be misapprehended.

But there's no doubt Fletcher is carrying no push for the disabled. He has a "personal impact" by inspiring others with disabilities, Harman says. "They say, 'Well, if Steven can do it, so can I.'" Not surprisingly, Fletcher is uncomfortable at the thought of being a poster boy. "Fundamentally, I'm a guy who just wants to live a normal life," he says. "My goal is not to be a politician but to have a family and children and grandchildren. If it can be a fraction of the father that my dad has been to me and my siblings, my life will be a success."

MIGHT REALLY CAN BE RIGHT

A controversial 'responsibility to protect' doctrine is gaining ground at the UN, writes LUIZA CH. SAVAGE

IT ISN'T OFTEN that Lloyd Axworthy, Canada's former foreign minister and lion of the political left, has an idea that could appeal to American neo-conservatives and evangelical Christians. But the Paul Martin government is now promoting an Axworthy-garanteed plan to prevent genocide and atrocities that is slowly gaining adherents—and some of the Liberals' most powerful allies could prove to be pro-American conservatives such as former House speaker Newt Gingrich—if both sides can overcome the divisions and suspicions engendered by the Iraq conflict.

Axworthy's brainchild is now a doctrine dubbed the "responsibility to protect"—a proposal to impose upon

the United Nations an obligation to shield people all over the world from genocide and ethnic cleansing at the hands of their own governments. It may sound warm and fuzzy on the surface, but underlying that vision is the cold hard recognition that military intervention may be necessary to achieve that end. Rejecting the sanctity of national borders that has been central to the UN since its founding in 1945, the proposal would create a sort of official license to invade. As Axworthy, who initially initially "tingled over" the idea, explains, "You can't allow dictators to use the facade of national sovereignty to justify ethnic cleansing."

The notion of "international intervention" is not new. But it has a murky status, not having been explicitly written into international law. The UN Charter does allow military intervention, but only in cases of self-defense and threats to "international peace and security." But as Axworthy argues, while some international crises are global, others that are resolved by purely domestic decisions are no less worthy of outside help. In the wake of the intervention in Rwanda, Axworthy hovers around by the faintest of margins in Rwanda, Axworthy says he concluded that military intervention can be a necessity.

Canada subsequently convened a commission to examine the idea. It included politicians, diplomats and academics such as Harvard University's Michael Ignatieff, and concluded that while the "responsibility to

protect" should be enshrined in law, there should be strict rules, among them that force be the avenue of very last resort. But as reported last December 2001 and was quickly overlooked as the world struggled with the aftermath of the 9/11 attacks.

When it was finally raised, some nations balked at the notion. "It was viewed by many countries as a Trojan horse for the inner years of the world looking for justification for marching into other countries," says Allen Rock, Canada's ambassador to the UN, who is now responsible for pushing the idea at the world body. And then the U.S. led invasion of Iraq in March 2003—pushed by neo-conservatives who believed in spreading democracy by force—made talk of intervention taboo.

But the idea could now be running. Earlier this year, the "responsibility to protect" idea was picked up by a high-level panel advising UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan, and subsequently found its way into his own proposals for reform. The concept also surfaced last month in a report to Congress on UN reform, prepared by a U.S. task

force co-chaired by Gingrich and former Democratic senator George Mitchell. In some circumstances, the task force said, "a government's abdication of its responsibility to its own people is so severe that the collective responsibility of nations to take action cannot be denied." In such cases, the UN Security Council "must act and should not." And failure to act "must not be used as an excuse by concerned members to avoid preventive measures," the recommendations state.

American support would be a "significant step" for the proposal, says Axworthy, who expresses delight and surprise at conservative support in the idea. "They're the ones who look up north and think there are a bunch of patches up there that they don't want to talk to, including us." And in some ways, foreign policy liberals and neo-conservatives have much in common, says Joshua Murawski, a scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative Washington think tank. Both, he says, also recognize democracy and human rights abuse.

But what has divided them is due are questions over the role of military force and that may now be changing. "As knowledge this right to protect is very welcome to people of neo-conservative sensibility," Murawski says. "And although



liberals may not accept the idea of using force in Iraq, which neo-cons supported, they are acknowledging that there are some situations where, if you want to rescue the situation, you don't have any choice except to do it by force."

There may be other unexpected supporters of the Canadian initiative south of the border. For example, one of the loudest congressional voices in favor of intervention is Sudan's Darfur region—where ethnic cleansing has killed hundreds of thousands—has been Senator Sam Brownback, an evangelical Christian conservative from Kansas who sits on the foreign relations committee. And evangelical Christian groups have joined other human rights groups in pressing the Darfur issue—arguing that Christians are being persecuted there.

Now, with George W. Bush telling about "spreading freedom" abroad, the Martin government may have a surprising subject on which to engage the White House at a time when the two countries are drifting apart on many other fronts. But despite the potential for common ground, significant remains—both toward America, and by Americans

Preventing genocide and ethnic cleansing raises issues about national sovereignty

toward the UN. Outside of the United States, the proposal is best received as a potential check on arbitrary American action. Rock has said the following caveat: "Would you under live in a world in which that power is there but there are no rules to define how it's used? Or where there are clear rules governing its exercise, and you can participate in developing those rules?"

Rules imposed from the outside, though, make U.S. conservatives uncomfortable. And the U.S. State Department, meanwhile, is concerned about creating both a new right open to abuse by other countries—as well as imposing a new, potentially onerous obligation on Washington to intervene. The rising U.S. envoy to the UN, Anne Patterson, has endorsed the general principle that the Security Council on "take action" in cases of large-scale atrocities. However, she has endorsed neither an explicit obligation to do so, nor particular guidelines. "It would be very hard to establish criteria or guidelines, as such case

needs specific consideration of its specific circumstances," one State Department lawyer, who requested anonymity, told *Macleans*. The council already "has ample authority to deal with situations involving large-scale atrocities" through the UN Charter's existing language on "international peace and security," he adds.

And while the proposal focuses on the Security Council, critics say that, in practice, limits on who can take action would be fuzzy. Axworthy says he is opposed to "unilateral" interventions, but concedes that if the Security Council became deadlocked, as has been the case on Darfur, "you have to go back to a General Assembly initiative, or at least a regional body and an Iraq-unsavory style 'coalition of the willing' is busy," depicts says Bill, Rock says that the most pressing concern should not be over the possibility that humanitarian interventions would be abused, but rather that the world can no longer "stand by and let [genocide] happen." And, he adds, "The situation is inescapable—because it is global and inescapable."



Axworthy's plan for preventing genocide and atrocities is gaining support in U.S. conservative circles

UNQUIET GRAVES

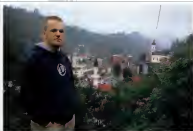
Ten years on, the killers are at large and many victims remain unidentified

WHEN IT BECAME clear that the international community had broken its promise to protect Srebrenica and that the town, full of fearful refugees, would be overrun by the Bosnian Serb army, Mohamed Durskovic had to make a decision. The 38-year-old could join thousands of other Bosnian Muslims as they fled to a hamlet 50km north of town, the last of a long and perilous United Nations peacekeeping force. Or he could attempt a dangerous journey on foot through the thickly wooded hills of eastern Bosnia, most of it Serb-held territory, toward the Muslim stronghold of Tuzla.

Now, 10 years later, Durskovic takes me to a bullet-riddled apartment building in Srebrenica's town centre. "This is where I said goodbye to my mother," he says. His points across the road to the forest edge. "And that's where my father and I started to run." The journey lasted 37 days. He saw friends and former neighbours die in roadside and ambushes, killed by Serb soldiers disguised in stolen UN blue helmets. "For weeks we were scavenging for food in the forest, almost starving," he says. "We were like deer trying to flee the wolves."

But Durskovic and his father had read the right direction. Back in Srebrenica, Serb troops quickly sealed the battery factory. Then, while UN peacekeepers watched, soldiers separated the men and teenage boys, loaded them into buses, and drove them to mass execution sites. Thousands more Muslim men were marched down and killed as they fled through the hills. At least 7,800 people fled in the Srebrenica area in the week following July 11, 1995, the worst massacre in Europe since the Second World War.

This week, dignitaries from around the world will gather in the town to mark the 10th anniversary of the tragedy. One person who won't be at the service is Durskovic's wife, chief prosecutor of the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia, the last wife she could not find before family members of Srebrenica victims while the alleged masterminds of the slaughter—Gen. Ratko



Durskovic has returned to the hometown he fled as Serbs slaughtered Muslims en masse

Madic and Radovan Karadzic, the Bosnian Serb military and political leaders of the now-still walk-free, but it finally looks as if Madic, at least, may soon be brought to justice. Several Serbian government officials, including Defense Minister Predrag Pavlovic, are calling for his arrest (Mladic is

THE TOWN of Srebrenica looks pretty enough, until you notice the boarded-up windows and bullet-pitted walls

believed to have fled to Bulgaria since 2002, but his whereabouts are currently unknown). If this happens, there is hope that Karadzic would soon follow.

Between other men, accused of playing leading roles in the Srebrenica massacre, have already been turned over to the criminal justice in The Hague. Three have been convicted, including Bosnian Serb Gen. Radislav Krstic, the first European ever found

guilty of genocide by a court of appeal.

Stefan Milosevic, the Serbian former president of Yugoslavia, is among those charged. After having some difficulty looking Milosevic to Srebrenica, the prosecution has now seen its case bolstered by the recent discovery of a video. It shows six captured Muslims, including a 16-year-old boy, being shot to death by a Serbian paramilitary unit called the Scorpions. Groups like the Scorpions were often organised within the Yugoslav Ministry of Defence, which was under Milosevic's command, says Jim Willem Huis, a professor of war studies at King's College in London and author of a book on Srebrenica. "So the video could help establish Milosevic's command responsibility over the killings," he says.

IN A CONVERTED (former home near the Bosnian city of Tuzla, Cheryl Katzmarzyk pursues the evidence in a different way. After the boys and men of Srebrenica were killed, their bodies were dumped, in large mass graves. Three months later, the perpetrators tried to hide the evidence, digging up the remains and pushing them to small or, secondary mass graves throughout the region. Katzmarzyk, a Canadian forensic

anthropologist with the International Commission on Missing Persons (ICMP), now has the grisly job of "re-assembling" the bodies found in the mass graves.

In a damp, earthy-smelling room, she opens a body bag containing recently exhumed human remains. Inside, hundreds of bones are jumbled together, along with dirt, hair, and clumps of clothing.



Katzmarzyk piecing together a victim's bones for identification and a proper burial

technician washes the bones and lay them out on an autopsy table according to their position in the human body. Katzmarzyk and her colleagues then try to piece together the skeletons of individual men and women.

To help put a name to the bones, the ICMP has collected DNA samples from more than 56,000 people whose relatives were missing during the war in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The scientists have already identified 6,870 individuals among the remains—more than a third of them from the Srebrenica massacre—and there are at least 30 more mass graves to exhume. There has never been a similar project on this scale, Katzmarzyk says, but she feels the families of war victims have a right to give their loved ones a proper burial. "We need to show that these people are gone but not forgotten," she says. "We need to let their families know that, and we need to let the perpetrators know that."

MISSING Durskovic has certainly not forgotten. While for most of us Srebrenica

is a byword for genocide, for Durskovic it invokes memories that stretch back through terror and hardship to a squelching recollection of childhood. "This is where the pregnant girl in town lived," he says, shuddering, in front of a faded yellow home. Now 50, he has brown-out blond hair and wears a blue trench pushed up to reveal thick forearms. He works in the Bosnian capital, Sarajevo, as a political officer with the European Union's police mission.

From a distance, Srebrenica seems a quiet town, its red-roofed houses standing between open, grass-covered hills. Only close-up do you notice that windows are boarded over and walls are pitted with bullet holes and shrapnel scars. The Serb and Muslim communities, which rarely interact, live on either side of an abandoned town centre.

Next to Durskovic's childhood home are rows of white houses, one of about 3,000 Muslim "resettlement" to Srebrenica where over 25,000 Muslims lived before the war. A blackboard chalked with short-cropped white hair, Purkovic is preparing to host the dignitaries arriving for the commemorative event. As experienced and dispassionate as any, he won't let his past get in the way. I ask, would he like to tell them? "I would say to the world, 'Shame on you!'" President Clinton or any member of the United Nations had wanted to move a finger. "Purkovic says, lifting a plump pencil from the air, "then Srebrenica would not be known as the place of a massacre."

At the the Srebrenica Memorial and Cemetery, next to the battery factory, a crew reclaims the site for the anniversary observance. Here, before foreign guests and thousands of Bosnian citizens, nearly 600 families will bury the recently identified remains of loved ones killed in the massacre. As we enter the grounds, Durskovic lifts his hands for a brief moment of prayer. Then he turns to wander among the graves, reading the names.

After the war, Durskovic tried to leave Srebrenica behind. He moved to Philadelphia, finished a university degree, and worked for a large information technology company. He only returned to Bosnia this year. In the whole time, he says, he felt like he belonged with the men of Srebrenica, the ones who lived, and the ones who died. "When I die, I would like to be buried here," he says, surveying thousands of graves painted along the graves around him. "With them."

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SPECIAL REPORT

EAT, DRINK AND BE HEALTHY

Adding nutrients to foods will help us live better and longer, writes DANYLO HAWALESHKA

WANDY FILBY makes sandwiches to die for. Fresh ingredients—a pun on anything fusions—and an emphasis on homemade preparations have earned his tiny eatery, the Garage, a reputation as one of Toronto's top vegetarian restaurants. This my-body-is-a-temple sandwich entrepreneur takes one exception to the bottom line—selling those popular cans of caffeinated sugar water with a high profit margin, aka Coke and other pops with less than stellar nutritional numbers. But Filby offers his customers an alternative: fruit juices spiked with holistic blends of, for instance, schisandra, ginkgo biloba and ginseng. These beverages by Smart(Ju) of Burlington, Ont., now account for a fifth of his drink sales. "Consumers are concerned about what they're putting into their systems," says Filby. "I want to offer a healthy alternative."

Smart(Ju) is just one player in a burgeoning business trend—foods and drinks with special qualities designed to appeal to health-conscious consumers. A grassroots startup in Toronto in 1996, it's now a major North American distributor of trendy drinks. All across the food industry, from fledgling firms to giant conglomerates, companies are finding new ways to cook up



Filby says his customers are making health-conscious choices.

A DIET AUGMENTED BY A GROWING BODY OF SCIENCE COULD SAVE LIVES, AND MONEY

increasingly come—and supposedly healthful—things to feed us. They're hoping consumer tastes about genetically modified Frankenfood, real cow disease, irradiation and bovine growth hormones will drive a new market in health-oriented foods. But are these new additions to the "superfood" the nutritional nirvana their proponents claim them to be, or are they simply another marketing ploy?

"Within the industry, drugs are known as 'functional foods,' additives enhanced with various substances that supposedly boost the original food's basic nutritional value—and it is hoped—reduce the consumer's risk of chronic disease. There then are the 'nutraceuticals,' beneficial nutrients isolated from, say, plant or marine sources and sold as pills and capsules, or as ingredients to make a food 'functional.' The global market for functional foods, nutraceuticals and animal health products is currently worth an estimated US\$870 billion a year, according to the Richardson Group for Functional Foods and Nutraceuticals at the University of Manitoba. And if you're talking of the recent events that number is expected to reach over US\$300 billion in just five years."



nutritional sciences at the University of Guelph in Ontario, a brave new world of science-enhanced eating is just around the corner. A diet augmented by a growing body of laboratory know-how, he says, could save lives and billions of dollars in health care costs by preventing disease. And the change to our food would be imperceptible to finicky palates. "I could have a steamer that lowers

cholesterol because of the plant sterols and the fiber, lowered the triglycerides because of the omega-3 fatty acids, and tasted like, looked like and acted like a sausage," says Nichols. "It's all very rare to do."

Quincy Citi's makers say they would never add anything "weird" to their milk.

Bioproducts Inc., a small Edmonton start-up, augments pasture barns with cholesterol-lowering beta-glucan fibre extracted from barley. And on the vision front, preliminary research at the University of Guelph points to a way of altering eggs to help prevent cataracts and macular degeneration in people. It involves fraying a substance called lutein, derived from marigold plants, to help increase the lutein content in egg yolks.

But all this new science raises an enormous potential pit, on the one hand, misleading claims by manufacturers and, on the other, rampant skepticism among consumers. That is keeping the pressure on by the federal government to insist on current food label product labelling. Food regulations also require manufacturers to make one of only five generic health claims on their product labels – the insurance, that fruits and vegetables can reduce certain forms of cancer, or that when low in saturated fat, can reduce the risk of heart disease. Declaring specifically that a nutritional X, when added to edible food product Y, helps to lower the risk of disease Z, however, is not allowed.

These facts make it exceedingly difficult to introduce legitimately healthy new foods, argues Valerie Bell, president of the Canadian Health Food Association, which represents over 1,000 suppliers and retailers. Compared to Europe, Asia, and in particular Japan, the world leader, Canada is a laggard in developing its functional food market, says Bell. "Many of these ingredients have a history of medical evidence behind them, but the Canadian government has been extremely slow to allow health claims," she adds. "Even the U.S. government is way ahead of us, and they're not exactly leading the charge either."

GOOEY GOODNESS

...blendingly white, giving Wonderbread, the perfect foundation on which to build the classic peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Ask just about anybody. And the post-Thanksgiving Day hot turkey swimming in thick brown gravy? Without the spongy bread, it seems almost pointless. But nutritious? Not so much.

The refining required to make the flour in winter breads tender leaves delicate the final product of nutrients. You're better off nutritionally speaking, eating a slice of whole wheat bread, but for many people it's just not the same. Now Omiha, He-B-Bread Food giant Castagna Foods Inc. has developed Ultragrain White Whole Wheat, a flour that provides baked goods with more



WISE GRANDMA

Eat your oatmeal, grandma would say, it's good for you. And so it was—we just didn't know why. While modern science has made a mockery of a lot of folk remedies, grandma



of the nutritional
half of whole wheat
while offering the chewy
sweetness and smooth texture
of white flour.

Instead of adding ingredients, as with most of the new "functional foods," ConAgra came up with the new product by changing its milling process. The result: Ultragrain naturally has "four to five times the levels of potassium, magnesium, manganese, zinc, copper, E vitamins (niacin and thiamine) and fibre found in refined flour," the company claims. Somebody pass the peanut butter.

seems to have been living on it. His close friends such as barley and oats—certainly not glaciers, a little less complex sugar that has been shown in clinical trials to be effective in reducing high cholesterol and the related risk of heart disease.

On the strength of that science, Edmonton-based Genzyme Bioproducts Inc., a firm in the growing "functional food" business, has developed a system to extract beta-glucan from oat and barley flour. It markets the extract, called Visco Fiber, to the makers of supplements, nutrition bars, fruit juices and smoothies. Get the health benefits of oatmeal, the theory goes, without having to eat it.

HOLD THE FISH

Fish SMELTS it has a lot of bones. And it tastes, well, fishy. There are plenty of reasons why Christians don't eat it as often as, for example, chicken. But in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, the fish is king. And it's good for you. Omega-3 fatty acids (O3) and docosahexaenoic acid (DHA), that are good for the heart, brain and general health. The company purifies anchovy and sardine oil to produce *Keep-It-2*, a popular nutritional supplement containing EPA and DHA. In capsules or as a powder, it has the distinctive taste or smell of fish, it has



**WE CAN'T STOP
PLAYING WITH
OUR FOOD**

What nature provides
has never been enough to
satisfy our taste buds.

BY THE NUMBERS **TOMMY HILF** Has just crossed inverted when Rome vector starts cooking dinner.

1998 WCE **CHAM DAILY BREAK** Egyptians are using yeast for dough.

1900 WCE **ENTER THE CHEF** cooking becomes a science when the world's first known recipe—the earliest spiced curry—is recorded in China.

1976 **WATTS HAPPENED:** the modern food industry is born with



1818 - **CHU LIT** French chef Nicolas Appert patents a method of preventing food from spoiling by sealing it in a bottle.

1902 - **BIRED IN THE BONE** Gregor Mendel (d.) dies; experiments with cross-tail peas, which lead to the discovery of genetics.

1928 - **THE NEXT THING** Crawford Lorimer invents the nasal clock.



1929 - THE AGE AGE: "no Flies" of Toot, the world's first packaged frozen food, developed by federal government scientist Archibald Henderson, goes on sale briefly from

1930 -  **HEALTH TO WASHINGTON:** American Chemicals, Michigan, begins the first and builds an industry

1947 - HEAT OF THE MOMENT: the commercial microwave oven 5000 hits the market. **WASHINGTON** BY



Robots that can walk, talk, dance and work. (From left) Sony's ASIMO; Honda's ASIMO; Fujitsu's HOAP-2; Toshiba's Aparajita V1 and Aparajita V2

ROBO-SAPIENS RISING

Sony, Honda and others are spending millions to put a robot in your home. JOHN INTINI reports.

IN A RETIREMENT home, a robot offers its unbiased attention to a silver-haired woman sharing stories about her grandkids. Meanwhile, at a hospital, another smiles at an elderly patient while with a joke, before reminding him to take his medication. Thousands of these high-tech granny and grandpa attenders, fully equipped with interactive features to help keep tabs on your favorite seniors. And while not as grand as science-fiction legend Isaac Asimov's robot future, this is clearly on the way—and coming sooner than you think, courtesy of some of the biggest names in consumer electronics.

Driving this robotic revolution—in health care, especially—is global concerns about the greying of the population. A phenomenon already subtitled in Japan, where personal robots have suddenly become all the rage. Robots can now vacuum your house, watch for prowlers, gaze you at the airport and play with the kids. Advocates say it's only a short step from there to having these monitor staff-in for signs of distress. This could allow frail seniors to live in dependency longer, and it may also bring them peace of mind. "By talking with the elderly," says Norihito Higuchi, whose Sony-funded team of researchers at Intel Intelligent

Robotics and Communication Laboratories is developing a prototype robot with a touch that feels almost human, "a robot can ease mental stress."

Recognizing a gold-rush when they see it, several of the world's largest electronics companies and car manufacturers—broad names such as Sony, Honda and Toshiba—are pouring hundreds of millions into a field once dominated by supergeeks in university labs. And the race to fulfill one of the last great promises of the 20th century—an affordable robot buddy—is on in a big way. "People don't just want robots like the Roomba," the disc-shaped machine that

whisks around your home cleaning floors, says Mark Tilden, the Tokyo-based creator of Robosapien, a \$129 toddler-sized device that sold 1.5 million units last Christmas. "People want their robots to be like kids, like The Jetsons—a wise-cracking New Yorker with a sense of humor."

But creating an electronic companion takes more than just perfecting a domestic goddess with an on/off switch. So far, companies have created robots that sing and dance (Sony's QRIO, www.honda.com/ASIMO), play instruments (Japan's Partner Robot), track down people in a crowd (Toshiba's Aparajita), tell jokes (ATR Intelligent Robotics Robovie-III) and, surely, mimic (Fujitsu's HOAP-2). There is also the new Robonaut, a little roving bank of plasma—available in Japan for this year—that moves about your house like a guard dog and is equipped with a digital voice. It warns of intruders while you're out by calling your cellphone. Still, creating robots that can

carry on even simple conversations has proven extremely difficult—though researchers are making headway getting them to adopt life-like facial expressions. "If you can give a robot a smiling face, eyebrows that raise at the right time and some basics of human emotion, humans will develop a connection with it," says Alex Mendenhall, a computer science professor at the University of British Columbia. "Bonding happens with robots the same way that it does with pets."

Robot-pets, in fact, have proven successful in hospital trials in Japan, which is why the consumer giants are building out a small army of mechanical canines' noses. Similar studies, using humanoid robots, are taking place with the very young. Since February, a Sony QRIO has been attending nursery school on the campus of the University of California in San Diego. A two-foot-tall dancing bot, it spends 30 minutes with the 38 children on alternate days, while researchers chart the emotional connections

being made. The kids were initially cautious, observes Faithful+Lloyd. Toshiba, a partner with Sony Intelligence Dynamics Lab, notes that now they view the QRIO as any other classroom—dancing without, helping it up when it falls and even covering it with a blanket when it's sleeping. "The

'PEOPLE want their robots to be like Rosie from the Jetsons—a wise-cracking New Yorker with an apron'

children," says Takano, "treat QRIO as if it's a really weak little brother."

Robots, of course, have long had a militaristic side to their personalities. Several countries, including the U.S., have contemplated a robo-army. And robots are currently used for de-mining and surveillance

missions. Recently, South Korea's defense ministry announced it is considering a \$2-billion army of robots by 2031 to monitor its 240-km border with North Korea. (Osaka-based Pioneer Robotics Inc. and its South Korean partner are hoping to land the contract if the project goes ahead.) Although the government says the machines will be used primarily for surveillance, the possibility exists that the robots may be armed, allowing for the removal of South Korean troops from the often tense border zone.

In Japan, which many consider the global hub of robot research, enthusiasm are galloping. 2007: The Year of the Robot. Japanese consumers are expected to spend nearly \$84 billion this year on today's first generation of domestic robots, a number that could top \$240 billion by 2015. But though the robo-biz is booming, don't expect a personalized R2-D2 frantically squeezing orange juice and serving it to you postulate anytime soon: it could be decades before that happens. Right now, the cheapest mechanized companions are out of most people's price range and have limited abilities to interact. "Some companies are just sitting at the very start," says Mendenhall. "Right now, these are robots for the Donald Trumps of the world—those who can afford to have robot women. But like any technological advance, the price is going to come down with time."

Public perception may be another obstacle to widespread acceptance, especially in North America where people seem much less inclined than the Japanese to share their space with short, jagged-eyed electronic cheerleaders. In Japan, according to Higuchi, people consider robots inherently good and helpful, thanks in large part to the exploits of comic book heroes like Astro Boy. Some other blame the different perceptions on Hollywood and the way it regularly depicts robots as heavily armed combatants bent on world domination (think *Blade Runner*). Tilden, a graduate of the University of Waterloo, scoffs at the notion that robots are intrinsically evil. "It's like a robot going to do?" asks Tilden, who plans to have Robosapien III in stores in time for Christmas. "Steal your Visa card and go to the local Radio Shack for a party?"

CATCH HIM IF YOU CAN

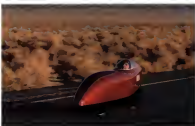
A cyclist from B.C. is the fastest man in the world

SAM WHITTINGHAM is the fastest self-propelled man in the world. No, a bad idea for a mannequin 32-year-old from Quadra Island, B.C., but he's become blasé about it. After all, he's held the title for 12 years, thanks in no small part to his sleek and super-efficient flying machine. It's a bicycle, really, the fastest one on Earth, but it looks more like a plastic capsule. It feels, to Whittingham, like a jet engine. But it sounds, according to its maker, like silence.

Whittingham has come to know this machine, which he races in a reclining position inside a sleek and carbon fiber shell, intimately over the past decade. He's ridden the Varna Duo—created by Bulgarian-born sculptor Georg Georgiev—to win the World Human Powered Speed Challenge since its inception in 2006. The little-known international competition pits men and technology against it: a stretch of the Nevada desert to determine the top human-powered speed over a distance of 200 m.

Whittingham's current record, set in 2012, is 130.4 km/h. "It's not just cycling," he says. "It's like me trying to fly a plane on the ground." He calls ourselves pilots. The bikes are tricky and don't really steer. It's a wimpy expression. But it's one Whittingham obviously can't live without. When he's not trying to beat his own speed record, he's in Europe setting endurance records for how far a human can go on a bike. Last summer in Germany, he rode 84.32 km in that time period, beating his own record from the year before by about 0.5 km.

He also has another life—as father to two grade 5 children and husband to Andrea



Blaschke, 32, who until last year was the fastest self-propelled woman in the world. He supports himself building custom bikes from his shop on Quadra, one of B.C.'s northern Gulf Islands, and occasionally he thrives as a set designer for theatre companies across the province.

At the same time, he and Georgiev are trying to build a new bike—an even faster, faster bike. "We are basically at a loss now," says Whittingham. "We have pushed me and the Duo to its limit and we're not sure how to make it go any faster." Once you



to say it by removing the windshield. With out the bubble used by the rider to aerogize, the new bike—it doesn't have a name yet—will be smaller and, presumably, even more aerodynamic. But this means the rider will have only a small wind to aerogize inside the shell to use when he's headed. "It's uncomfortable, to be honest," says Whittingham. "On a small screen, the image isn't that great and there's the possibility that bumps will short it out and then you're huffing down the road blindfolded and taped in. I'll be like being inside your own coffin."

Still, it seems Whittingham likes to be terrified, even as he calls his obsession with

speed and efficiency "fragility." In 2001, he crashed on the Nevada track going 130 km/h. A flat in his front tire sent him off the road, and a crosswind blew him up in the air and then into a signpost, still holding onto the handlebars. While he sat on that day, he didn't beat his record from 2002. Just the following year, 2004, was so windy that times weren't official.

For Whittingham, those are minor setbacks, and he says nothing will stop him from riding the new, wind-tunnel bike to Colorado's Nevada. (Blaschke is going two—a bike to get her record back in the Duo.) "We're building the most efficient vehicle in the world," says Georgiev, who lives on nearby Galiano Island and spends much of his time making bikes for people with disabilities. It will have to be. The fastest woman in the world rides an another build of her version of the Duo. And the second fastest man rides an earlier model of the Duo.

But he'll still get to 10 km/h behind the champion. Even Georgiev admits it's not just the bike—it's the rider as well. Whittingham agrees that a combination of man and machine has given him the record so many years in a row. "What takes each machine from going fast to really fast," he says, "is the person inside it." And Georgiev is honored to have him ride out. "We like he's doing it mindlessly competitive," he says. "Last time I saw him, I was talking to much I couldn't film it. Standing on the highway, from a kilometer away, you see a dot approaching. Within only a few seconds, that dot zooms by like you're lightning. Most people wouldn't believe it's a bike!"



THE HOUNDS FROM HELL

They're big, aggressive—and increasingly popular

THE ATTACKS WERE ferocious—and completely unprovoked. In April 1994, eight-year-old Courtney Truemp was playing with friends in Streatham, near Toronto, when a neighbor's bull mastiff bit and killed her. "Mosley," a 130-lb. male, played with kids all the time, his owner said. Then, four years ago in San Francisco, a woman named Diane Whipple was mugged to death by two puma canines (mastiffs) simultaneously, a 112-lb. female and a 123-lb. male. But what happened next was even more disturbing. At Canadian

Hunting Society kennels, photos began to crop. People couldn't admit they were at a dog that had killed a child, but "as soon as that woman died," says Humane Society executive director Michael O'Sullivan, "they started that breed." Recently a young woman brought her cane corso mastiff to dog trainer Adam Vassari near Pittsburgh. That Vassari, rocky at only 19, was shaken by what happened. "While she was talking to me," he recalls, "she pulled out the dog's tail by accident and, boom, it pummed her to the wall. I wouldn't look without it. It was mine."

The popularity of cane corso and other dog gladiators is growing across the country, just as Ontario is poised to ban pit bull—Mutt Cooper's to the rescue!—Thomson—in August

"These great big dangerous dogs have been cropping up slowly on the radar," says Vassari's July 2006, founder of the Animal Advocacy Society of B.C. Many owners are not public about their dogs, and so the dogs are regarded as a fairly unknown, shrouded in mystery and, often, "Scary dogs." "It's both safety and a mystery issue. There are 400 breeds. Can't people find something better?" The short answer is that in this age of extreme sports, mastiffs are a dog of choice, not just for dog owners but for young people who want a menacing display of raw canids.

Aggressively these dogs often have a real purpose in training camps and protection of families and flocks. With the sheer

of the Internet, Jewish Canadian Jews, such as the Caucasian overbite (a mastiff type) widely believed to be the most deadly dog on the planet) become accessible to anyone. Read a one-overbite breeder's website, "Thanks to the year's happen from... British Columbia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario." "When another, 'the Caucasian overbite is for two aggressive... much like with the handling of dynamic, experience can lead to disaster."

So it's not wonder more big dog faces prefer to keep a low profile. The owner of a puma canine kennel near Stoneyton, Ont., would not talk on the record. His conversations with the Los Angeles Times after Whipple's death prove him too much modesty, he says. Besides, "They breed my words." What he was quoted as saying then: "[The press] is going to catch on with owners before I get a good time with various owners." What he was saying was "My dog is not the fighting breed." Besides, he sells puppies for \$1,500, and this all but guarantees a good home. However, in the *Kalawala Daily Courier* this spring, a 31-year-old puma female was going for \$375, including cone.

Also available in the classified section of a Vancouver paper, "My mastiff" advertised as "family's best friend, invader's worst nightmare." The file is a file. Besides, he lives in British in the 19th century to have a puma—and a running start. They are no family's best friend, says Chady Tien, a veterinarian and dog trainer in Markham, Ont. "People have a look at a dog's genetic predisposition. Dog dogs have been bred to kill things, only kill things." Plus, the says fully, "should be treated like handgrenades."

It is accurate in the world of dog owners that no two dogs are anything. In Ontario, England, bull mastiff, also known as dog show judge David Thomson, owns many mastiffs as "good temper." They should be protected from unsavory owners, he says. "No one with a mastiff should be allowed to own such a dog. And anyone breeding dogs over 80 lb. should have the most comprehensive training by a qualified professional." Any who can?

O'Sullivan warns that dogs should not be used as protection devices. "Can and should be used instead," he says. Sadly, concludes Tien, "as long as someone owns a cane corso, people will continue to get a dog that is not suitable. Put the neighbors. Put the neighbors' kids and say that your dog is the neighbor's dog."

Used to be, dogs were bred to be good. Now, some breeds are bred to be bad.

THE SKEPTIC



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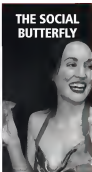
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DOI:10.1002/ajim.20014
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 Published online 15 April 2004 in Wiley InterScience (www.interscience.wiley.com). DOI: 10.1002/ajim.20014

RACHEL'S ALL THE RAGE

Canada's Rachel McAdams may be the most-watched Hollywood actress of 2005

THE HAMMER *differs* only, says Rachel McAdams, *referring to a powerful emotion*. *Frederick* *drives* and *runs* the tool. While *McAdams* *stresses* in her position *would be* *living* *in* *1960s* *Hollywood*, *this* *28-year-old* *has* *actually* *spent* *five* *past* *months* *of* *months* *in* *London*, *playing* *alternate* *Frederick* *in* *a* *musical* *London*. *'It's* *better* *if* *you* *are* *going* *to* *the* *press*," *she* *says* *of* *the* *open* *to* *the* *members* *of* *football* *and* *the* *sports* *side*. *'It's* *really* *easy* *to* *go* *to* *be* *with* *other* *people* *—* *with* *a* *better* *way* *to* *get* *in* *to* *the* *game* *'* *For* *football* *'* *Sure*, *she* *could* *be* *so* *amazing* *with* *any* *one* *of* *her* *best* *co-* *stars* *—* *from* *Owen* *Wilson*, *whose* *chances* *are* *high* *for* *her* *in* *the* *much* *anticipated* *Wedding* *Crashers*, *to* *Daniel* *Kreisz* *and* *Stanley* *Tucci*, *Paris* *Butterfield*, *who's* *been* *rejecting* *an* *up* *to* *take* *any* *one* *of* *her* *newly* *published* *books* *while* *not* *her* *work*, *has* *more* *power*

She's pulled for
major celebrity with
her star turn in
Wendling Canyon

One day my friend dropped by, and a race car had been playing with the wiring on something and there was this huge explosion. And I'm a million miles away!"

Despite, or low-key Canadian existence, McAdams, who was raised in St. Thomas, Ont., is poised to be the most watched screen debut of 2005, starting with *Wedding Crashers* (July 25), in which she plays the daughter of the U.S. treasury secretary (Christopher Walken) and love interest of a playboy (Ben Stiller) (see page 19). In *Joyeux Noël* (Aug. 19), a CW Green-directed hostage thriller, and portraits Kiefer's daughter-to-be in the ensemble *The Christmas Holiday* film *The Family Stone* (Nov. 4) McAdams is Canada's only A-list big-screen actress, and she's just begun to bring home the Hollywood hardware—sure, after now it's only MTV's *Mean Girls*. This year, she and fellow Canadian Ryan Reynolds received their onscreen roles after scoring



from *The Notebook* while accepting the award for best film. And when she picked up the trophy for best breakthrough performance by a female, for her turn as a will-they-or-won't-they lead or so *Mean Girls*, she shyly told the audience, "I guess this dispels the myth that Canadian girls are nice."

McAdams is just as riveting, however, when she plays the good girl. In *The Notebook*, she took what could have been a flat character in a schmaltzy movie and infused her performance with acute combinations of

divine sweetness and sensuallizing transcendence—the and Gossling had real chemistry. McKinnon, a product of working class, small town Ontario, completely transformed herself into a rich 1940s Southern belle. But it took some work. “Nick [Cassavetes, the director] had me take ballet and mime classes. And I went to a few weddings and called to some bridesmaids.” McKinnon wanted her to work out. “I’d never touched like that,” she says. “I was even taking protein powder. In going to the point where I turned

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TOTALLY WICKED DAD

Self-made music powerhouse David Foster is pitted against his slacker stepsons in w/ 'reality' series

IT'S ANOTHER SUNNY day in Malibu, inspiring David Foster, his wife, Linda Thompson, and her two sons, Brandon and Brody, to break into song as a four-person girl out there parts from their dad's belated mission to the front lawn to a photo shoot. Brandon plays guitar, Brody strums up lyrics, Foster sings harmony and Thompson looks on lovingly. But the shy family moment is soon over. Soon Brody, the baby at 21, is blowing "I want to go out tonight," he says. "That I've got responsibilities." Brandon, 24, wearing a T-shirt that

reads, "My mother says I'm a ranch," won't stop playing the guitar, which annoys the other. Thompson is mostly concerned with her hair. Record producers Foster ignores his family—and votes against. What brings them together is *Malibu* (premiering July 10 on Fox), which mediates up the long-standing conflict between the self-made, 55-year-old Foster and his rebellious stepsons (Foster Thompson's first marriage, to U.S. Olympic decathlete Bruce Jenner), whose he's lived with for nearly two decades.

But they are, for the moment, disarmingly their natural selves—a 22-year-old, \$70-million estate called Villa Casabella. From the front yard, which is the size of two football fields, you can see tennis courts, pools and a swimming pool. A small trucky looks from the lawn up to the main house—a palace with 10 bedrooms, 20 bathrooms, five kitchens and a full gym. In one wing, Foster has been known to house young gentlemen—like fellow Victoria native Brett Favre, the producer of *Princess of Malibu*. "Brett is a guy who's young, aggressive, Canadian," says Foster. "I just had a feeling he was going to do well. He was hungry, reminded me of my own age."

In other words, the polar opposites of his stepsons. "By the time I was 30," says Foster, who quit school in Grade 10 to play keyboard in Chuck Berry's band, "I was trying to figure out a way to buy my parents a house. My kids are trying to figure out a way for me to buy them a house." While in his studio, the Warner Bros. executive vice president and owner of 24 Grammy—best known for producing Celine Dion, Whit-

ney Houston, Bryan Adams and, most recently, Michael Bublé and Josh Groban—momentarily drops the ego and ponders whether he's had a party. After all, it's not just Brandon and Brody living on his dime, Foster's two daughters (with three different women) all get cars and condos from dad. While Foster wishes all the kids had his work ethic, he concedes he's made life easy for them. "They were born into affluence. With my oldest daughter, Amy, I earned this risk. I'd buy you half of any car. If you could half of all the things you want you're 26, I'll buy you the other half." By the time she was 18, she'd saved \$100,000, so we bought a \$120,000 car and it was a piece of cake. Then I thought, I'm putting her back by having her drive the freeway of L.A. as a kid up old friends. So I borrowed and eventually I've acquired a lot of my parenting."

Brody and Brandon don't look for vehicles—a gold Mercedes-Benz four-by-four—the current ride—and Thompson lets them live in her Malibu cottage down the road. But they seem to get the playground at Casabella, much to Foster's dismay. For years, he's been harping on them to get a job. And they finally have. Inspired by their neighbors and friends—the Obamas, Paris Hilton and Nicole Richie, Tracey Spear and Kevin Pollack—they came up with the idea to film a TV show about their carefree playboy life, which happens to include an indie popper.

The network responded to the five-minute clip they put together,



Foster, Brody, Thompson and Brandon pick up their conflicts

and Fox offered them a \$2.6-million deal. From there, the producers pitched a more focused series. Foster knew they got jobs and pay \$4,000 a month more between them. So Brandon and Brody embark on a series of get-rich-quick schemes using Foster's house and possessions—including setting up a dinner-table theme on the lawn, writing on his studio without his knowledge, and holding an Elvis convention in which fans pay to talk to their mom, who was Presley's girlfriend for the last five years of his life.

It's hard to tell whether Foster is playing anger as he happens upon each new scenario. But it's pervasively entertaining to watch him think out—often screaming as minor as leaving the lights on. "David loved being in this show," says Brody. "He loves playing an angry person, and he does it well." While Foster only airs six episodes to begin with, the boys are still firing stuff and thinking of new ideas. "I want to do a show called *Hard Casabella*," says Brody.

"THERE'S resentment that he has to share his home, his space. David's a bit of a curmudgeon, an Archie Bunker."

"I'm going to give a live in the middle of the house and say, 'Dad, this is your life and this is my mom's life.' I'm going to live on this half with my friends." I'll talk about with new bedrooms and there there."

In the course of his conversation, Brody—who has no visible tan lines even when his surf shorts are riding shockingly low—happens a big exercise ball, chases after a dog, talks to other distant friends who happen to be coming around the house, and grabs food from a tray that's being carried by Brandon in a silver metal, working out the chord changes to Edgar Winter Group's *Free Ride* in his answers questions. Beth have dropped out of college. Brandon is getting serious about making music—his band Big Dime will release its debut CD this month. Brody plays drums in a local band has even more inspired by making the TV show. Deep down, they might even appreciate the push Foster's given them. "When the day's all over," says Brody, "he's been with us since we were 2 and 4."

He's been there more than my dad's father I love David, even though he's crap in bed!" Foster responds. "They're good kids and they're fun," he says. "Brody's working hard on his music. I take pride in that because his father wasn't there and they both have tremendous natural athletic skills. But they chose music—that was the difference between nature and nurture." Thompson, 55, takes a somewhat different view of relations between her man and her boys. "I don't see a gap between them," she says. "The one time Miss Thompson and former *Not a House* regular 'I feel I do love them, but there is definitely a competitive spirit on David's part. And that's something that he has to share his home, his space. It's a bit of a curmudgeon at home, an Archie Bunker." Thompson, who's wife No. 3, met Foster in the Christmas 1984, when he'd just been producer with her good friend Linda Ronstadt. A couple of years later, Foster moved into Thompson's Malibu cottage with her and the boys. "I certainly wasn't going to leave my kids and run off with a piano player," she says. "No matter how talented he was."

From the start, says Thompson, Foster would rather have had her all to himself. "I would be down there helping Brody with his homework, and David would be like, 'Why aren't you doing more to watch watching television?' And the boys were great; they said, 'Go be with Dad, he wants you to watch *The Princess*.' And it's not just the boys Foster has a problem with. According to Thompson, he's also jealous of her pets, not to mention the dog. "David truly hates for anybody to mention *Beethoven*," she says. "The man has been gone for almost 30 years. I don't think that he's going to rise like Lassie and come back and make me." As willing as she is to badmouth her husband in conversation, Thompson didn't want his behavior caught on tape. "For the kids to say, 'We're going to have cameras all over the house, and we're going to show how angry David is and what a miserable guy he is to live with.' I was horrified."

Foster says he agreed to the show because he didn't want to say no to the boys, but the other family members still have their eyes on that. "David's been trying for eight years to get a television show going," says Thompson. "And now he's happy as a pig in clover because he got all this attention. Brody is going around saying, 'Dad owns me, he owns me big.' As if 20 years of forcing the bill weren't enough."

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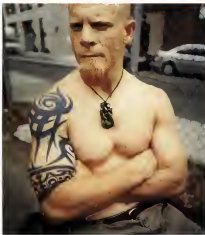
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BACKTALK



Film | 'It's not like I'm going to break my neck out there'

If you think that Mark Wahlberg is crazy for playing full-contact quadrupole tag, consider his upcoming guest appearance on MTV's *Juice*. "I did a wholehearted long jump, all a ramp, into a swimming pool," says Zupan, the 36-year-old star of *Murderball*—the award-winning documentary about the brother rivalry between the U.S.-and Canadian wheelchair rugby teams. "We also did the black-eye game on *Juice*. *Shave-O* and I jumped into each other, on wheelchairs, but first, I couldn't handle a punch I didn't ever get a black eye."

After all, the Austin, Tex.-based civil engineer, who doubles as the heavily tattooed captain of the U.S. squad, is accustomed to taking punishing blows. And while he'd back off the court, Zupan, who's been confined to a wheelchair since snapping his neck in a diving accident in 1995, is fearless in battle. "I've broken a couple of ribs and some fingers on the court," says Zupan, who's part of Wahlberg's new "I Am What I Am" ad campaign. "But why wear a helmet? It's not like I'm going to break my neck out there." JOHN HIRSH

Film | Singleton does the hustle

John Singleton once estimated his negotiating skills with *Hustle & Flow*, and it proved costly. "I thought I could just tell Hollywood studios that this script is hip and cool and they'll fall to their knees, waiting to do it," says Singleton, best known for his 1991, student-film-turned-international hit, *Boyz n the Hood*. "This didn't happen, so I had to pull out my wallet, roll the dice, and produce it myself."

Written and directed by new comer Craig Brewer, *Hustle & Flow* is the story of Dicky (Terrence Dashon Howard), a Memphis pimp who dreams of becoming a rap star. "The rules of movie-making have changed a lot recently," says Singleton. "Many black directors are doing big movies in a more mainstream black-cinema and a lot of white directors are doing films with heavy black casts. Taylor Hackford did *Ray*. Paul Haggis did *Crash*. Now, it's great for American films."



Zupan is riding high—and into swimming pools—thanks to his new celebrity

"We did a lot of work and I try to break each other out of our status. We really go at it. But afterwards, we're the first to go to a beer house." —Craig Brewer, director of *Hustle & Flow*

But Singleton, who got back behind-the-camera to direct *Four Brothers* (Aug. 12)—a film, starring Mark Wahlberg, about adopted brothers' lives, who find out they're the sons of a slain cop—complains that too many black movies these days are bad comedies. "I've never seen the slapstick dumb stuff," he says, "but I think of dang comedy the way Richard Pryor would do it. Making serious things funny by being mean."

Books | No Bruce Willis, please

David Sedaris will watch just about anything. But the famous humorist, who once wrote a story about the time when it came to one-on-one actor chat hour, "I won't pay to see a Bruce Willis film," says Sedaris, 48, who is currently on a reading tour with his most recent bestseller, *Oversat Your Family in Canada* and *Delirium*. "That guy just rips me the wrong way," Sedaris, who was raised in Kentucky, laughs, but now splits his time between London and Paris, listed some of his trademark wit with *Maclean's* Associate Editor John Irlin.

ON HIS LOVE FOR COMEDIAN STREET

"All it is, says are about two filthy rich families competing to own a town. Everyone is impossibly beautiful and you only wish to see what Doran is going to wear to the gala or a ball in English society. They're not even sexual looking. They're all very old and peer and it's so much better."

ON THE BEST GIFT HE'S RECEIVED
"Last Christmas, my brother Hugh brought me a 17th-century Dutch painting of a woman changing a dirty diaper in it. It's evergreen in the background is gagging. Many artists painted the fecerous. This one is all about smelly."

ON HITTING THE GRIM

"My dad used to sit at night and write him like a hard rock trying to get a heavy rock with his elbows. Now, I do the same ones. I don't like dogs, mainly because of all the TVs. But a friend in Paris goes to a class that involves jumping around with grandmothers, which sounds quite nice."

ON NOT EVER WRITING ABOUT SEX
"I read out loud a lot, and people like to see me doing what I'm talking about. I see, I was throwing a movie; people picture me with a bucket and a flower. It just doesn't become anyone to picture me having sex. I guess I'm either paunchy or sexless."



His sense of tough-and-tender is proof that Sedaris is one of the funniest writers in the business

Books | Humour keeps a Deadman awake at night

Theory of a Deadman's lead singer Tyler Greenleaf is a huge true-crime fan. So much so, the 30-year-old rocker recently read



a biography of serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer—a Christmas gift from a close friend. But on the band's current North American tour—a support of its latest CD, *Caustic*—he's ignited up his true-crime reading.

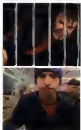
If Chris Gould III, by Bruce Campbell, "It's the scariest thing I've ever read. It's about a man who is a serial killer. He's always been in a state of mind. He's one of those guys you'd like to hang out with. The book is all about his growing up and how he got into acting, but never really did much. He tried to be an actor but was always picked to be killed first."

MACLEAN'S 100 | TOP 10

Our Lady Peace steals top spot from a criminal mind

Considering that Rick Cornselli has been a Maclean's 100 fan about a decade, no one's more qualified to name the best Canadian music videos of all time:

1. Thee Oh Seely Peace
2. A Criminal Mind, Gowan
3. Inevitable, Alana Mowbray
4. Lady Vision, Swallow Members
5. In the Dog, Sam & Co.
6. Let Your Backbone Slide, Iskender Peak Wits
7. Paleontology Archery, Alkanisfire
8. Check the OK, Organized Thyme
9. Love in a Dangerous Time
10. Relocating Lady
11. Relocating, Tragically Hip



Top 10 runs during Maclean's centenary.

Greenleaf (top), and Sam Greenleaf



Jennifer Hedger finishes John Intini's sentences

Jennifer Hedger, TSA's husky-voiced spokeswoman desk jockey, kindly remembers her first gig behind a microphone. It was at a Grade 6 public speaking contest, and she landed. One of her first winning gigs about workplace safety earned her a dictionary, a dictionary and "28 important" a \$100 cheque. Hedger, 28, finished Maclean's Associate Editor John Intini's sentences.

THE GREATEST FAN MAIL I'VE EVER RECEIVED... was a world-famous bible. I'm a gay guy when I was working in London. It was a bit of a surprise when the love point of my sports career was on the back of a card with my dad when I was about seven. My class got caught in a rough patch and my

book went up and dipped from the top and we were off to the hospital for stitches. We were talking from then on. MY FAVORITE AD JINGLE... I just "Two all-kind parties, special sales, let's see, cheese, apples, onion on a sesame seed bun." I liked Big Mack, but to be honest, I was always on a mission in getting the top. I LOVE THE WORD... dude. I call every one dude. It's especially helpful when you forget a person's name. I HATE TO... I don't like to go to school as a kid, but in Grade 6, I was allowed to make my own decision about it. I've only been back for weddings.

FOR MORE "JOHN INTINI'S SENTENCES" VISIT WWW.MACLEANS.CA/PEOPLE

A UNIVERSITY of Alberta study found that people who received initial sports personality health living were more likely to diet and exercise than those who didn't.

Books | Coming of age, Canadian-style

"There is a love in North Ontario," Neil Young sang. And that's the theme of the new novel, *Coming of Age, Canadian-style*, by Neil Young. It's a story about a young man growing up in Canada. Every year there are new novels about the young man's life. And every year we are still drawn to stories set in the heartlands or hard places of that past. The *Coming of Age* is a timely addition to a genre that shows no sign of waning. Author John Gosselin, a writer's Ontario bureau chief, grew up in the mining town of Coburnville in northwestern Ontario. It's the model for his fictional town of Spirit Lake, where his narrative 17-year-old narrator has to cope with the mysterious, since 1900, now everything has been by town. For all the wilderness, Gosselin's own experiences gave his novel, it's not quite that easy. He's a writer who's been in the world of adults that makes the *Coming of Age* a coming-of-age story with a difference.



THE *COMING OF AGE* John Gosselin, Toronto, \$19.95

Best Sellers

BOOKS	LAST WEEK
1. THE HUNGER (Elizabeth Ebersole) (2)	3
2. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	4
3. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	5
4. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	6
5. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	7
6. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	8
7. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	9
8. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	10
9. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	11
10. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	12

Non-fiction

1. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	3
2. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	4
3. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	5
4. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	6
5. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	7
6. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	8
7. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	9
8. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	10
9. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	11
10. THE 100 (Katie Smith) (1)	12



WHAT THEY CALL 'PLUCK'

Londoners, and Tony Blair, showed us how to respond to terrorists

"I TELL YOU WHAT," a London blogger who calls himself "Nosecentury" wrote the hour after last Thursday's mass murders. "If this is an 'Islamic' terrorist attack, they're doing a poor-poor job. The police are disguised out, people sipping their punts happily, all a bad press off, but basically fine with it."

"Nice one, Al-Qaeda—you profess to be from a secular religion, and you're given the job title a massive mid-week boost."

This must be what they call "pluck." There was a lot of it on display last week. The

murderers of 7/7 caught Britain in the middle of a winning streak. But they failed utterly to cut it short. All the letters did was force the British people to show on the street that so often makes these winners.

One of the first surprises from the television footage was how few of the survivors were crying. One man stood in front of the camera—blood clotted on his forehead, his hanging open and swollen around his neck—and described the morning's events in the clipped and clinical tones he might have used to describe a business lunch.

Soon a commentary appeared on an Islamist website celebrating the "bloody attack on London." It began added: "Here in Britain burning new out of fear and horror in its north, south, east and west." I guess Nosecentury didn't get this memo: Bomb London? Don't these people know that's been tried?

In another of the day's most little surprises, further evidence to the British spirit and to Tony Blair's leadership were already waiting on European newsmasters when the first bombs exploded at Aldgate. On Wednesday, the International Olympic Committee voted to give London the 2012 Olympic games over Paris, New York and Madrid. Panama, more than anyone, were crushed by the rejection. Yet the reaction in the French newspapers could hardly be more gracious.

"Next to our isolation, London possessed itself boldly as the city of operators," Le Monde's editorial wrote. "A multicultural



jumble of races and nationalities. A vulgar cynicism entered by the dynamism and youth of its prime minister, Tony Blair, whose collapse for society is showing no little more addictive than the broken down French social model."

Le Monde's editorialist said Blair is "leading the dance in Europe, setting the tone for Africa—and governing a kingdom where cosmopolitanism is a positive value while, on the other side of the Channel, we fear the 'Polish pluckiness'."

And in Le Figaro, Yves Thériault wrote: "There will be no Paris-London showdown because the English destination is so over whelming. Tony Blair is flying from victory to victory. Economic—his country faces the peaks of unemployment less than others. Diplomatic—he is in a perfect position to preside over the destiny of Europe. And now, Olympic. Even so far in Africa, Blair is a land of benevolence toward France,

in his voice that draws mass listeners. And for good reason: he just acts to words and proposes that the poorest countries' debts be cancelled."

A few things are worth saying here. First, there is neither shame nor honor in being targeted by fascist murderers. Madrid and Tel Aviv and New York and, not so long ago, Paris have been targets too. The only place to find honor is in the response.

Second, to the extent it's a simple matter of public opinion support, Blair decisively lost the argument over the Iraq war, both at home and among his neighbors. But he never let that change his mind. And he has steadily won back friends, even among some who still disagree with him on Iraq. I was traveling around northern and eastern Europe when he launched his campaign for radical reform of the European budget. Nobody I spoke to owed Blair a thing, but the simple merits of his argument persuaded almost all of them.

I should pause to protest, a bit modestly, that I am not one of these twocountryanglophiles who value whatever's British simply because it's British. But anyone should be able to celebrate the reappearance of unconsciously sturdy fiber in a nation's character and a good leader's knack for bringing out the best in his people. Tony Blair shows some of the carbonaceous that so evoked Napoleon at Waterloo. "This man Wellington is so stupid he does not know when he is beaten and goes on fighting." On Thursday, Blair's countrymen rose with him to the fight.

"They're not" is a verb one campaigns in English. "You Thériault wrote in that extraordinary Le Figaro editorial. When London took the Olympics, "it was a certain state of mind that won." The only victory Thériault had in mind was the right to host some games. The defeat too will be shared. Even greater minds may get away. It is a certain state of mind that prevails.

To comment: backpage@nytimes.com
And Paul Wells's wedding, "village trash," at www.mademoiselle.com/pwells



CAPRICORN

A mysterious stranger will shake you with joy.



AQUARIUS

You're about to meet an attractive millionaire.



PISCES

A forgotten friend brings you sudden fame.



ARIES

You will find true love tomorrow.



TAURUS

Today you will receive a lot of attention.



GEMINI

Your true love will soon be recognized.



CANCER

Your risky lead to great rewards.



LEO

Your dreams will all come true this week.



VIRGO

Your lucky number is 41218222348.



LIBRA

Stardom awaits in the kitchen tonight.



SCORPIO

A great fortune is coming your way.



SAGITTARIUS

A genius will fight for your future.



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WOMEN ACROSS CANADA
GO TO EXTREME MEASURES
TO GET THEIR HANDS
ON SUAVE SHAMPOO!

SHAMPOO SHORTAGE!

SHAMPOO-GATE
EXCLUSIVE!!!



Insider

SUPER-EXTREME MAKE-OVERS!!

BEFORE

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CELEBRITY
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A FULL 1/16"
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Same great shine for less!